

Observations

by Frannie Grace

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Summary: Set between "Stay and "Time and Distance", a snippet from a waitress from Clayton and Kansas' favorite restaurant.

Observations

> <meta name="Generator"> Disclaimer: I know it's a huge shock, but Webb and all his fun friends in JAG aren't mine

**Disclaimer: **I know it's a huge shock, but Webb and all his fun friends in JAG aren't mine. Wait a sec, one of them is! Yeah! Kansas McWilliams is mine from start to finish, and I am willing to lend her out with permission. Now, if I could just get dear Mr. Bellisario and the fine people at CBS to work the same dealâ€¦|.

**Author's Notes: **This isn't in the "Bad Week" series. It's just a little piece that got in my head. I got the idea from other fic, and I hope no one minds that I'm borrowing the idea.

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Observations

By Gayle F. Cox-Moffet

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God, I hate my job. Waitressing must be every sadists dream profession. On your feet all day, crude customers yelling about their orders, and then the tips have seemed to disappear right along with the theory of the sun revolving around the earth.

Wait, that's not fair. Not completely anyway. I do get some decent tips, and being on my feet gives me great legs. The customer thing has its advantages too. Especially if you're a psych major, and you want to observe people for a living.

I see all types. Corporate, middle-class, upper class, and lots of government people. *_The Oka*_ , the restaurant where I work, is one of the few places in DC that fits everyone. Personally, I think the name has something to do with it. When the place opened, the owner wanted something that wouldn't type the restaurant. The Oka is a river in Russia, and almost no one knows what it really is. Kind of like the restaurant.

Okay, I'm off the point. Let me go back to the customer thing I was rambling on earlier. I love to watch customers, most specifically, the customers that reoccur like clockwork. There's one couple that comes in at least once a week and grabs a meal. It's either lunch or dinner, depending on their schedules.

He's a suit man. Perfectly pressed and creased, in three-piece setups that probably cost more than my car. He's stubborn and protective, and I think he has trouble relating to people at times. This guy is also tall, probably around six feet, with dark brown hair and blue eyes. He's good-looking, there's no doubt. I think he might be a corporate worker or work somewhere in the government; the suits never lie. Those are power suits, suits made to get attention and say, "I'm in charge."

Deep down, I think he's got a spy fantasy. Everytime he's dressed for the weather, it's a tan Trenchcoat and a fedora. No, I'm not kidding. Trenchcoat and fedora like an old Dick Tracey comic. What makes him different is that he can pull it off. Very, very well; if he wasn't dating that Marine I'd make a move.

Ah, the Marine, the other half of the couple. She's short, five feet barely, and has this hair that has to be a bitch to comb out. I've seen it down a couple of times, and it's long and red and thick. Most of the time she comes in wearing her uniform, and I've served them enough to notice the oak leaves on her collar. She's a Major, and from the snippets of conversation I've picked up, she's also a lawyer with JAG in Falls Church. I love strong women, of course, it helps that I am one.

I watch these two like some people watch kittens play. They're so cute together it makes me sick. He's so secretive, even his body language shows it; the way he crosses his arms and gets that half-exasperated look in his eyes when you don't get something just lets you know you he's got stuff you shouldn't know.

The Marine's another story. She's got her own secrets, I can tell, but she's got more openness to her. I nicknamed her a "hand-talker"; one of those people who always gesture, that's her. Amazingly, she can be eating the sloppiest thing on the menu, gesture around with the food on her fork, and not get a drop of sauce on her uniform. Must be that Marine training.

Their interaction is amazing. I still remember one time, it was a slower night, and I positioned myself at a table in view of them so I could watch.

Suit-boy was rubbing the back of his neck, eyes tired, and the suit looking a little crumpled, and I could tell by the way he stared at the tabletop, it wasn't good news he was relaying.

The Marine sat in her seat, not moving except for rubbing his other arm that was lying across the table and she nodded as he spoke. Her face collapsed as he finished his part of the conversation, and the hand stopped moving.

He looked up, finally, and I saw the fear in his eyes. She just reached for his other hand and squeezed it. I watched her lips move, and caught the word 'better' at the end of her sentence. Probably something like 'It'll get better' or 'We'll make it better'; I don't know. I do know that he did smile after she said it, and I heard the word 'naïve' as the restaurant settled down into quiet for a minute.

A naïve Marine, isn't that an oxymoron?

They talk about sleep a lot. I pick that up when I give them their food. He usually mentions needing to sleep more, and she agrees he needs to, but it's not idle conversation like most people. They take the sleep thing very seriously. Maybe his job makes it hard, guilt or something.

Idle conversation is something they never do. The weather is never mentioned, neither is gossip or how the latest Spielberg film is doing. These two have some _very _serious conversations. Whatever the suit does, I know it requires travel and secrecy, and I know that the Marine goes with it because she wants to be with him. She travels a lot too, and when one or the other isn't in town, the other comes to eat anyway. It's sweet, like they're trying to hold on to each other when they're not there.

I know they share the same circle of friends. Most of them work with the Marine. There's a Lieutenant, and his wife, who's a Lieutenant jg (junior grade for those who don't speak military-think of it as a half-step), and they have a son, who's named after the Admiral that runs JAG.

The Suit isn't a huge fan of the Admiral, apparently, they got into a fist fight and someone lost bad enough to get a nose broken. Deep down, I think he sees the Admiral as a dad. I've heard him mention his father, and I know he's gone.

There's also this pair that team up for cases, it's a coed team; he's a Commander in the Navy, and she's a Lieutenant Colonel in the Marines. The Major Marine is a strict believer that the Commander and the Colonel need to quit dancing and admit their feelings. The Suit agrees.

They agree on a lot, but there is one constant discussion and that's the Suit's over-protectiveness. One night, some guy was staring at the Marine's legs, and the Suit told him to stop or he'd break his f---ing arm. The Marine walked out without a word. Luckily, they were back next week, content and comfortable.

It's been about five months since they came in for the first time, and they're still together. I see it as a work in progress that's only getting better. Hell, a writer couldn't write a better couple if

they were a romance novel, but that's just my opinion. I love them together. I love watching them together, and I love the fact that they keep coming back to give me a good set of customers in some seriously crappy days.

One of these days I'm going to introduce myself.

End
file.